

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

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\$1.00 A YEAR.



A. T. Parker
High and Ashland East Side

ME OLD HOBBY

I am now in my 65th year and the chances are that I will be dead before I am 70, though I am, so far as I know, in fine health. If I don't ruin my health, trying to live according to the suggestions of Dr. Tilden of the "Stuffed Club."

I would take 13 or 14 millions of dollars, if Carnegie or some other fellow would give it to me—I don't want the cash—but I reckon I lose about as little sleep over "frenzied finance" as any old cock of my age. But I am getting a little more and more, all the time, stuck on fame, and I want a medium of it, before I stuff off the mortal. I have a kind of Utopian vision of my being the means of making the world a great deal better and happier for men-embracing women, and animals, for I have a soft place in my heart for animals domestic and wild.

When I was in Africa, I never liked anything for amusement or food, any elephants crocodiles or hippopotamuses.

I always felt sorry for the crocodile, because they are all the time shedding tears, and the hippopotamus as always has the hippo, and I just naturally feel sorry for any body in trouble, I've been there—jail-penitentiary.

I want to be the leader in some great big kind of a scheme to get the people to be good; not any scheme that has any religion in it—but just to be good because it makes us happy—that is, I reckon it does; I never tried it—and the only capital that I have to start on is that I have the reputation for being the wickedest man in the United States, and I notice, these days, when any body gets to be the best of anything in the United States they always go on the lecture stand and get to be famous.

But I have no money and no genius and I don't care for money or genius, because there have been so many infernal liars like old Dowle, and Joe Taylor, over in Rome, and Talmage and Sam Jones that have made money by belonging to the "amart set" and lying about schemes to be good, that there is no longer any novelty or distinction in blowing to their set and graft, and if I can't be something fresh and brand splinter new, I want to finish the balance of my days simply as an old haysack and don't want any more monuments than a ball of hay, to which poor people's poor horses will have free access. But I am just like a bad little child that my wife tells about to cry and said, "What's that I want that I don't know what I want?"

I want to get up some scheme for getting us all to be better, that I don't take any money—for I wouldn't get any of it if it did—don't take any any organization of officers, or annual meetings or big blow hard, just jamming big preachers, but wind some kind of a scheme where each one of us—both sexes, young and old, and all the colors of the rainbow, specially those that have the blues, rich and poor, any where and any time, can be continually getting a little better and therefore, a little happier all the time.

All that class of cranks, who may write me telling me that religion is the very thing, I am hovering after, or that it is some of these get-rich-quick-or-the-devil-will-get-you, political fads that will all the getting void in my stomach, will, if they write to me, simply waste their stamps and stationery—their time is worth nothing, and, therefore, I don't mention it.

That woman from Oklahoma, some time beginning with Q. I believe, came nearer getting on to my idea than anybody who has written to me on the subject.

Eliza Mowry Bliven wants to do the right thing, but the genius to get at it right.

I wouldn't give a dam for the difference between her Inland Sunday school and that of Miss Susan Wilson, on one hand, and a Campbellite Sunday school in Lexington, on the other hand—not is one of about the same brand as the other.

Infolks are people of the finest

common sense in the whole world and no man or woman ought to claim to be an infidel who is not a moralist and infidel really have gotten along so far that, while Christians, and especially priests and preachers, are continually reported in the papers as criminals and getting "jerked to Jesus" at the end of a Kentucky hemp rope—I have been a hemp raiser, and have raised some of these fellows with it—it is almost unknown that an infidel commits a crime, and when one infidel is hung, where a thousand Christians are, it always turns out that excepting the case of Rose in St. Louis, who would now "smell as sweet by any other name," it is some half-baked infidel that none of us ever heard anything about.

It is statistically true, but for all that, some of us infidels have some good meat in us that belongs in a bougie sausage, and it oughtn't to be in us. It ought to be the case that when any man is known to be an open and acknowledged infidel, that simple fact made him, in all that constitutes a man "as good as Ben Burton's bill."

I never knew Ben—reckon he died before I was born, and don't know the nature of his "bill," but I have been hearing of its being a mighty good thing for something over a half century.

It seems to me that every body rich and poor, high and low, is more or less unhappy, and it does seem to me that plainly, the greatest thing in the world is to get happy, and that this is the most self-evident proposition in the world, and yet I never saw any newspaper that even pretended to be for the purpose of making people happy, except these that are run by some of these religious editors, and political factists purely and solely for the purpose of separating fools from their money. J. C. said one good thing—got it from a heathen Chinese and it had to be—"Do to others as you would have them do to you."

This, with some modifications, adaptations and provisions is good—don't do to let a fellow out of the penitentiary because you would want him to let you out—but as the basis of a general principle the sentiment is all O. K. and will wash without fading. This, with some modifications, adaptations and provisions is good—don't do to let a fellow out of the penitentiary because you would want him to let you out—but as the basis of a general principle the sentiment is all O. K. and will wash without fading.

The air is all full of fads, and some of them are intended to do good. I've seen an infidel doing the hardest thing in the world to get any body to do—part with his money when he don't have to. I would not give a dam—son, fig, or any of those fruits, for any of Carnegie's money—old Diogenes is my huckleberry of the whole gang, but if Carnegie has started a lot of others to giving away money by the millions—but if giving away money just by the barrel can get to be a fad, being good can be a fad just on the same principle—makes people happier, and they want to do something new, just to show old Solomon that he lied when he said there was nothing new under the sun—though what women would do in Spring bonnets if there was not something new. God only knows, and he won't tell.

Every man and woman of any sense that that being good makes us happier than being bad, and every body wants to be happy and if we can, some how, just get the thing started. It would become just as fashionable to be good as it now is to be bad and all these young dudes and dudettes and old dudes in rich fashionable society, would be the very first to catch onto it.

They want to be happy just as much as we poor devils do, but they are just like we are—ain't got sense enough to know how, and we are all, in one way or another, rich and poor, just hell-bent, from ignorance and damfoolery and whining and crying and asking "What is that I want, that I don't know what I want." It ain't

money—won't do any good; I've been there. It ain't piety—N. G. I've been there too.

The "Stuffed Club man" is something what my racket—crank, but cranks make the wheels go round—and nobody has struck it yet, but its somewhere, and what I want is to discuss the thing in the Blade—and each one of us just try, personally, to get a little better all the time than we have been, and don't get discouraged if we fail, but keep on trying, and then if we fail in any great palie undertaking, each one will have done something for his, or her, own good.

Let us hear from you in the Blade on the subject, short and sweet and to the point, and blow in a few cents on Jim, at the rate of a cent apiece in packages to one address, or two cents each to different addresses, with your letters marked, and let us see if we can't boom the idea of just simply trying to get happier by getting better, each fellow, man or woman, working on his own plan—padding his own canoe.

LORD STILL KILLING PEOPLE FOR GOING TO MEETING.

At Hornsleville, N. Y., 13 women—unlucky number—were coming from a Universalist church in a sleigh, when a train on the Pittsburg, Shawmut and Northern Railroad ran into the sleigh, killed five of them, and mangled the remaining three were wounded.

All of the ten killed had "Mrs." before their names.

One of them was Mr. C. C. Graves and the next one was Mrs. Bert Moore—couldn't near being my wife, but I reckon it will be a colder day than when my wife gets killed coming home from any church.

I have known, for a long time that the Lord didn't like for people to go to any of these other churches, but I thought that he might possible stand to a Universalist church. But I see now that he is agin the whole push and I am not going to any more of them—too dangerous.

"JERUSALEM MY HAPPY HOME" IN A PIG'S EYE

A dispatch from Jerusalem, dated Jan. 28, says: "An extraordinary scene has taken place at the Grotto of Bethlehem. The Greek Catholics had been celebrating midnight mass in honor of the birth of Christ, according to their calendar, and on leaving the church, which has been erected near the grotto, and in which, according to tradition, the savior was born, they were confronted by a band of Franciscan monks who disputed their right to visit the sacred spot. The Greek priest endeavored to force a passage and a fight ensued. In the melee one of the Greeks snatched a Franciscan's rosary from his girdle, and, swinging it around his head as a weapon, severely injured several of the monks. The half-don soldiers of the Greek priest, proceeded to pull it out by the roots."

NEW ONE ON EVE.

The Cincinnati Post gets some fun out of the suggestion of Mrs. Little Beyerens Blake, that the apple that Eve ate was, often all, a quince. Little's criticism is based upon the fact, as she says, that apples will not grow in the country.

I never saw an apple tree anywhere in the Orient, and I think that so far, little is right. When I was a young fellow, I read, some where, in some Bible commentary, that it was a watermelon that Eve ate, and by which she played the devil, or the devil played her, and though I could not exactly see how watermelons grew on the tree, I remembered that "great is the mystery of Godliness," and that "all things are possible with God," and I knew the could make elephants grow on lebelerry bushes if he wanted to, and I didn't like apples—had too much of them at our house; ten barrels a time—and did like watermelons, and so I have always stuck to the theory that it was a watermelon that the fair Evelyn, unfairly, all us out to the devil for, and I may go to the h—eaven with her.

"Constitution of the United States grants to every man the right of ship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and I used to believe that it was a

watermelon, and I will be damned (this is spoken in no profane sense), if I don't do it; nevertheless, yet, notwithstanding.

BETHLEHEM Was the Scene of Rioting on Christmas day.

As usual, the Christmas celebration at the birthplace of the Prince of Peace was broken up by a riot, says W. E. Curtis, in a recent letter to the Record-Herald. The great church which covers the cave in Bethlehem in which Jesus is supposed to have been born was the scene of bloodshed, and if the followers of Mohammed had not interfered the Christian monks would have killed each other in their jealousy and hatred. A similar disturbance occurs on almost every anniversary of the birth of Christ, but this Christmas it was more serious than ever before. A private letter from a friend in Jerusalem tells me that nine Franciscan monks were beaten by Greek monks until they were senseless, and would have been murdered if the police had not interfered. Three Greeks were very badly injured and one of them is likely to die.

The Greeks are always the aggressors. They outnumber the Franciscans, who represent the Roman Catholic church in Jerusalem and Bethlehem, and are men of much larger build and more physical strength. The interior of the great church of the Nativity at Bethlehem is divided between the Greeks, the Roman Catholics, the Armenians and the Copts. Each have a chapel, with an altar and other conveniences for worship, and the representatives of each are in turn allowed to occupy the grotto in the center, which is supposed to have been the stable in which the holy family took refuge on the night of the Savior's birth. A guard of Mohammedan soldiers under the control of the Mohammedan governor is always stationed around the grotto, and sentinels are placed at different points in the church, where the Greeks and Franciscans are apt to come in contact. This is necessary to keep the peace, for they have seemed to so fiercely that they never meet without snarling like dogs and threatening each other's lives.

This year, as usual, both bands of monks sang high mass Christmas eve, and according to the usual arrangement, the Greeks were allowed to occupy the grotto until midnight, when they were required to retire. In order that the Franciscans might worship there from midnight until morning. The usual Mohammedan guard was on duty, but when the hour arrived the Greek monks refused to retire, and when the Franciscans tried to enter the grotto the Greeks threw them out by violence. A general melee occurred. There were between forty and fifty monks on each side, who fought fiercely and seemed beside themselves with rage. The half-don soldiers who were on guard were helpless, but one of them ran at once to the house of the governor, which is near by, and aroused him. He came immediately to the scene with a detachment of police, and with great difficulty restored order and arrested the leaders. The Governor of Jerusalem, who has jurisdiction over Bethlehem, has given notice that no celebrations will be allowed in the future unless the monks agree to keep the peace. Similar disturbances frequently occur here because of the holy reputation of Bethlehem, but there has been no trouble there for nearly a year.

(From the Searchlight)

We are reminded in a spirit of triumph that, as the result of Protestant foreign missionary work, carried on by the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Ireland and Continental Europe, during 1904, there were added to the churches 120,494 members. An analysis of the figures shown in this report gives, as the instrumentalities through which these converts were made, 5,814 men missionaries, 6,580 women missionaries and 64,347 native workers, at a cost of \$16,118,280. That means 1.57 converts for every \$1, or 16,747 persons employed, and at a cost of \$153.76 per convert, nothing to boast of from a business standpoint. One has but to examine these missionary reports to see that the missionary business pays only the

missionaries and a few of their secretaries or agents who collect and distribute the money.

AM GOING TO CHANGE TO MY ILLUSTRATION.

Up to this time I have been illustrating the mendacity of some men by saying "As big a liar as Zachary"—Campbellite preacher in Lexington. Really Zachary is as big a liar as a man of his size can be, but he is small and could not hold so many lies as if he were larger, just as a little sack cannot hold as much as a big one.

Hereafter when I have occasion to allude to a very extraordinary liar, I am going to say "As big a liar as Wilkerson"—a Campbellite preacher in the Indian Territory.

Wilkerson has all the genius and disposition for lying—"alacrity," old Jack Falstaff called it—that Zachary has, but Wilkerson is so much bigger than Zachary and his capacity for lying so much greater than Zachary's that Zachary is really a very moderate liar compared with Wilkerson.

AMONG THE FIOUS BREATHERING.

At Michigan City, Indiana, the wife of Rev. Amos Whitman has asked for divorce. Rev. Whitman was a successful evangelist. He preached in the country and staid at the houses of the farmers. During the nights, when his revivals were at their highest he would stall horses.

They sent him to my old stumping ground—penitentiary at Columbus. Owen Russell, in Sussex, England, cut off his right hand because the Bible says you must cut off your right hand if it "offends" you.

Owen would not tell how his right hand had offended him—reckon it had been getting into some other fellow's pocket.

Owensboro, Ky., Jan. 5.—The Rev. W. W. Arner was today found guilty of the murder of his son and sentenced to twenty-one years in the penitentiary.

The father murdered his son, who was 21 years old, because he had gone to work for a farmer and had refused to return home.

(From the Searchlight)

However, there is one astonishing fact in the history of crimes that is furnished by statistics, and that is, that religionists furnish more criminals in proportion to their numbers than do non-religionists. This is a fact that is furnished by the criminal records of France, England and the United States.

From the Commissioners' report of the Illinois Penitentiary at Joliet the religious belief of the prisoners are given, and from which I copy the following:

Religious beliefs of prisoners on August 30, 1902:

Adventist 1, Baptist 146, Christian (Campbellite) 26, Congregational 14, Disciples 1, Dunkards 1, Episcopal 24, Evangelical 32, Jewish 17, Latter Day Saints 1, Lutheran 105, Methodist 224, no church 72, Presbyterian 75, Protestants 2, Quaker 2, Roman Catholic 43, Swedenborg 1, United Brethren 8, Universalist 2, Unitarian 1, Total 1,227.

Percentage with no religious belief 5.54; percentage professing religious belief, 94.46.

Only objection I found to being in the penitentiary where there were 2,300 of us was that I could not find any infidels to talk to. Not a damned one did I ever find in the whole shebang—that is except the Warden.

BACKING ME UP.

Whenever I say anything some other fellow says the same thing. I said the preachers want the saloons closed on Sunday so that they can get the money that would, otherwise, go to the saloons.

Senator Raines, author of the law about Sunday closing, in New York, recently said:

"I firmly believe if the question was put to a vote of the citizens of New York it would be heavily defeated. The whole power of the church would be directed against it, for the church has a financial as well as a moral reason for opposing Sunday opening. It was the contributions that would go to the saloon."

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White Hall, Ill., Jan. 11, 05.
Editor Blue Grass Blade.

Dear sir—I have been an occasional reader of your paper, and in the last few days I have become a subscriber through my old friend Major Giller. I am writing you for immediate information I am in immediate need of. I want some statistics of our penitentiaries showing the percent of Christians and non-Christians confined therein. I am going to make a public address in our county seat in about three weeks and I want to use the statistics on that occasion. Now if you have a back number of your paper, that contains such information I will gladly pay you for it. If you have not, can't you give me something you know to be authentic on the subject in a short letter. You will find an addressed envelope for reply enclosed.—A. W. FOREMAN, M. D.

The above personal information that I have on the subject is that I was a prisoner of the United States, and had extraordinary opportunities to find out the religious opinions of the prisoners there.

There were 2,300 prisoners there and I was the only infidel that I ever heard of there. I am there, though many most devout Christians and Jews.

I refer you to that prison for your information.

For several months west Kentucky has been flooded with spurious, silver dollars, which were perfect in appearance, had the right ring, and were inferior to the genuine only in their weight. A United States marshal was sent into the district to loop up the author of the coins, and after watching around for a few weeks arrested the Rev. John Smith, a well-known Methodist minister, on a charge of counterfeiting. The deputy is sure he has the right man.

Send Dog Fennel in the Orient as a New Year's gift to your friends. We have them at \$1 postage paid.

MORE ABOUT THE MESSAGE

Walter Hurt Offers Suggestions Regarding Dr. Wilson's Plan.

Dr. J. B. Wilson's plan for the issuance of an annual message by the president of the American Free-thought Association is, in my opinion, one of the most valuable ideas for aggressive and effective propaganda ever originated. It seems to me that all progressive Free-thinkers—and all actual Free-thinkers—are, just as we know that any reform movement must attract attention to itself, if it would rapidly advance.

In his preparatory statement, Dr. Wilson has covered the ground so thoroughly and so ably, that he leaves small opportunity for suggestion from others. We must agree that such a document, reviewing the work and progress of the movement during the preceding twelve months and outlining the plan of campaign for the coming year, cannot fail to impress and influence the neutrals, and any wary members of the opposition, as well as greatly encourage and stimulate our comrades on the firing line, increasing their energy and enthusiasm, adding to their zeal, and inciting them to greater endeavor.

In preparing this message the president would be aided by the aggregate judgment and advice of the executive committee of the organization, just as the president of the United States calls upon the collective wisdom of his cabinet to consider each issue shall be included in his annual message to congress and how they shall be handled, in fact, to decide with discretion and discrimination upon the policies of his administration. With Free-thoughters and all interested in the movement many vital problems that the most conscientious though and careful deliberation should be devoted to such a message.

In Dr. Wilson's informal message I find so much of variety and value, so much that should not be lost, so limited a circulation, so many things calculated to loosen the grips of shackled thought as well as to make some of our Free-thinkers do just a little more thinking than they are accustomed to doing, that it seems to me it should be given the widest possible currency. To this end I suggest that the executive committee of the A. F. Ask Dr. Wilson to revise his message—eliminating everything not essential to the message, condensing and condensing it throughout in language to comport with the dignity of so important a document—vote it official and authorize its publication and distribution in adequate numbers.

So impressed am I with the value of this idea for an annual Free-thought message that I shall take up the matter editorially in the *The Cultivist*, a liberal magazine which I intend soon to issue, and will invite suggestions in the subject.—WALTER HURT.

"STUFFED CLUB"—SWEET WILLIAMS, GREEN CLAY AND HORSES.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 28, 05.

Dear Sir—I have been reading the Blade for one year this January, and I want to read it some more since I have got the habit. So please find \$1.00 for the Blade, and \$1.00 for Dr. Wilson's book, when ready. I would be inclined to censure you if you were not so much older than I am, for having a "Stuffed Club" in your possession for so long and not using it. I stumbled onto a few copies by accident and found that they contain valuable information, and I hope that it will be the cause of your living many years longer, for if you should drop off, you would be more missed than Theodore Roosevelt. Long live the Blade and its editor.—G. E. GANDELOT.

Appropos of Lincoln, that reminds me of a story.

Old General Green Clay, of Kentucky was once asked why he rode on horseback all the time instead of walking sometimes, he said: "There are millions or horses but only one Green Clay."

"Let him that rideth understand."

ABOUT YOUR TALMAGE

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear comrade and Bro. I send you under separate cover, a Los Angeles newspaper containing the Sunday braying of one Talmage, probably a descendant of the one animal that conversed with Balaam and I hope you may give the fellow all that's coming to him. Send me a copy of the Blade with your reply so that I

may send it to him marked.—S. A. SMYTHE.

Yes this one is the son of the one that used Bray in Brooklyn and then in Washington, and then, just any old place he could get anybody to listen to him.

These two modern ones have talked a great deal more than the one that talked to Balaam, but neither of them ever said anything as sensible as the one that talked to Balaam did, and beside that the one that talked to Balaam was saying what the Lord wanted said, because the Bible says so, and there is no way of knowing that these American ones ever said what the Lord wanted said, I don't know anything about this California fellow, but I know his daddy and he was N. G.

The one that talked to Balaam over in Palestine had died before I got there, but I saw many of his descendants and they were all O. K., and blood will tell.

I never believed that story about the donkey talking Hebrew to Balaam until I saw a donkey that understood Greek, in Athens, just as easy as my mule, Jeff Davis, understands American. I have studied Hebrew and Greek both, and Hebrew is a whole lot easier than Greek, and if a donkey can understand Greek as I saw one do (See Dog Fennel) in Athens, I don't see why one might not talk Hebrew.

I saw those donkeys in Palestine do a whole lot of things that I can't do, and yet I have talked more Hebrew, myself, than Balaam's donkey did. And if Balaam's donkey lived over there among the Hebrews and I lived in Kentucky, of course the donkey had advantages in learning the Hebrew language that I did not have.

You notice that Balaam's donkey didn't talk the Kentucky language. That Palestine donkey could talk Bible talk, and so can that one in California, if translated into English, but the Palestine donkey and the California one both together, couldn't edit the Blue Grass Blade. They were both good for circus trick mules, but they could talk like I do in the B. G. B.—hardly ever.

The California donkey is talking about infidelity making noise. Let's wait until a "shout" man gets to talking about it.

WANTS ANOTHER DOG FENNEL TO LEND OUT.

Lockport, N. Y., Feb. 3, 04.

Mr. Charles C. Moore.

Dear Sir—Enclosed find Post Office money order for one dollar, for which send your most valued book, "Dog Fennel," which in my humble estimation is the "real thing" for every person of ordinary intelligence to read if he wishes to exercise the gray matter in his belly. The average Christian hasn't sufficient of the gray matter in his noggin to feather a small fennel, and as a result he is every where for himself. I have read Dog Fennel, digested it thoroughly, and now wish to make another meal on it. It is worth more than all the Bibles this side of Hades, and would go to God, or Jesus, that it might be in every house hold in the land, to enlighten the many who love to hear the priest with his long drawl "I'll bet you a dollar I can beat you a game of dominoes." Hoping to receive the book at an early date that I may loan it to some misguided mortal.—GEORGE GATH.

INFIDELITY WITH A BIG "H"

Brunswick, Maine Feb. 25, 05.

Editor Blue Grass Blade.

Dear Sir—I am glad that you have gone to writing again, for we missed you very much. I don't like these lukewarm fellows that want to be called Free-thinkers, Liberals, Agnostics, etc.

I believe in showing our colors. I speak right out and say that I am an infidel, and I would like to see all have the sand to do the same. I hope you may live a long time yet and have the strength to print your paper and enjoy the fruits thereof. Don't print this unless you want to.—WILLIAM L. HAM.

Had I your name I'd write Inco; Had not be thought any part of a hog; And yet, it sure must be confessed I love hog, and ham the best.

OLD SUBSCRIBER

From "Little Rhody," Compliments Dr. Wilson.

To the Blade.

Herewith I enclose \$2.00 to renew my subscription one year in advance to the Blade and the Thrice-a-week World, provided you are still clubbing with the New York World, at the old rate—\$1.65 for both. You may send me extra Blades for the balance, otherwise apply the \$2.00 for payment in full for both I want extras of January 8, containing Dr. Wilson's an-

nual address for Missionary work.

I have read the Doctors' alle leter three times, and, aside from the spice of Socialism which he so adroitly mixes in, (which doubtless excites the officials of Brother Moore it was great from start to finish, and reminds one of the proposition that was presented several years ago, where some one said "The mantle of Ingersoll falls on Dr. Wilson."

I am pleased to see the Blade re-sume its wonted proposition, and trust that it will outlive the dead heads, that read it, many of whom, doubtless, consider that the publisher is under great obligation to them for ever reading it.

The recent rallies of Rev. Lyman Abbott from the fold of orthodoxy, and which Dr. Patton, president of Princeton University, characterizes as "nickel-plated Christianity," has started many hide-bound fogies, who in their comments, remind one of a blind owl hunting on a dead limb—a lot of bunsards pecking at an eagle.

The Blade of January eighth in connection with Abbott, says "Ingersoll was a Methodist, or Campbellite preacher compared with Abbott." There are many who consider the recent utterances of Abbott as rash and inconsiderate, but such, apparently, is not the case. I have before me a clipping from a newspaper, and the same, or a portion of it, was quoted in the Blade over two years ago, which shows the trend of the noted preacher's thought, at that time and is as follows: "I have in my archives a statement of its tenets, drawn up by me when I first entered the ministry. How-ever, I burned all of my sermons years ago, and too, I cannot recall that the change of my method to the new method of thinking, is important, radical and revolutionary. "A typical departure is the renunciation of the 'carpenter theory' of God's creation of the world. The Bible is not a book in which, fifty, or sixty writers tell what religion is, but it is merely a record of their religious experiences. They were human; they were imperfect men who wrote the Bible. They stumbled as we stumble."

If the "stumbled" where does the "divine inspiration" come in? The late beloved and lamented (?) John Wesley said, "Giving up witchcraft is giving up the Bible." What would the sainted John have thought had the most noted preacher of his age, announced the story of the creation as found in the first chapter of Genesis?

On his behalf let us say "Glorie up the first chapter in Genesis is giving up the Bible."

Rev. Abbott indulges in a somewhat flippant air, when he speaks of "the carpenter theory of God's creation," which calls attention to the story that the earth and "the firmament thereof" were made in six days.

The "month the stars and planets" Edision and Westinghouse not to be in evidence in those days, where did the light come from to enable the "carpenter" work to proceed the first three days?

The sun and moon were not made until the fourth day, regardless of the story that there was "day and night" the first day.

Rather poor astronomy, to say the least!

And still we are told that the science of astronomy and the Bible is not conflict—that we ridicule in place of sound argument.

When such a glaring inconsistency presents itself, all argument ceases to avail, and ridicule becomes the proper weapon. In connection with the sun and moon we are reminded of two Irishmen who were traveling on a bright moonlight night, when one of them, looking at the full orb of night said "I think that the moon were better as the sun."

"Go on your flannel mouth," replied his companion; "What are yese given us—the moon better as the sun; sure, Moike, don't it shine in the night, when we made it."—E. L. ROFFEE.

LEXINGTON CHRISTIAN ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

Walter Osborne, of Lexington attempted suicide in Cincinnati, Ky., by stricholine.

It is not known whether or not he will recover. From letter to his friends, found in his pocket, he made the following extracts:

"I have pardoned all on earth, but I have injured me, as I expect, pardon in heaven for this awful. I prayed last night for the good to help all through your gift. I know He will do it, for in my I thought I shot myself and ever was pleased about it."

All of you go to church and read Christian lives, for I will meet you in heaven.

This is only another one of many proofs that suicide is wholly confined to Christians.

ST. LOUIS MINISTER COMMITS SUICIDE.

Found Hanging With Rope Around His Neck in Basement of His Dwelling.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 6.—The body of the Rev. Maria McFarland was found today hanging in the basement of his home in North St. Louis. Late in the day he went into the basement, died one end of the rope to a rafter, the other around his neck and jumped from a chair. He had been confined a short time when found. Members of his family state that Mr. McFarland had been suffering from ill health and gave that reason as the cause for his act.

It is a common contention among preachers that infidelity is causing suicide. Was Rev. McFarland an infidel?

LET EACH READER PUT HIS OWN HEAD ON IT.

Infidel Moore:

Though I have probably got you more subscribers than any one man in Maryland or perhaps in any half dozen neighboring states, you have have done me the great injustice to say, in the Blade, that I am "skared of the Christians and afraid to talk out in meetin' and say what I am," while you yourself are constantly afraid to print any article (likewise this one) because it would have shown your own error.

Over 50 years ago, while you were praying, preaching and baptizing pretty young women, my grandfather, Saml. Mayfield, was wagonmaker, at Benavola, Md., 7 miles south of Hagerstown, risking boycott and all the fanatical persecutions Christians then practiced, quietly circulated Paine's Age of Reason quite widely here, to which effect all but two Rationalists here to-day can be directly or indirectly traced.

Prior to and during the Rebellion, both he and my father were outspoken abolitionists, at the very risk of their lives, this then slave state of Maryland. I composed and had inscribed on my father's tomb, in a Christian church-yard, these true lines

A pioneer in Abolition, Hydropathy, Free-thought.

Honest, temperate and diligent, he farmed, surveyed and taught, Loved justice, truth and liberty, and "equal rights for all," Prepared by present usefulness, for every future call.

We had a Dunkard and a United Brethren preacher (both of whom knew him well, and were his friends), to aid at the funeral services, as two of his sisters were church members, and Dr. W. A. Croft, of Washington, D. C., the famous Agnostic, poet, orator and press-writer, delivered the main funeral oration, which the Truth Seeker prints in pamphlet form, under the title of "A Remarkable Funeral Service," and certainly actually I know of none like it either in this state or elsewhere. We were all alike tolerant of each other, and all passed off harmoniously and very instructively, as the meeting-house was crowded to overflowing.

This set of arguments about six years ago. When living in Washington, I was Secretary of the Washington Secular League, besides personally having got from the Chief of Police a permit to hold an open-air Single Tax meeting on Pennsylvania Avenue every Sunday into which I and other speakers injected very much Rationalism.

In Chicago, though warned against it, I also was the first man, after street speaking (because of the alleged Anarchist bomb throwing) had been suppressed to personally obtain, from the Chief of Police, after a personal interview with the Mayor Harrison, a permit for Sunday open-air Single Tax street meetings, into which I injected very much Rationalism. I was there, also, for about two years, President of the Chicago Question Club, through which I injected much Rationalism into our audiences, and also into our resolutions and articles, which I gave to the Associated Press and thus got in to the daily newspapers.

For two years previous thereto I similarly presided over the Boston (Mass.) Question Club, and on Sundays, we likewise held open-air meetings in Boston Common, into which I injected very much Rationalism, whenever opportunity offered.

I have, in the past 20 years, got hundreds of Rationalistic articles injected into daily newspapers all over the United States, including the San Francisco Examiner, New Orleans Times-Democrat, Boston Traveler, Philadelphia Bulletin, Chicago Record-Herald and many others of the same class, besides having sold hundreds of copies of Paine's Age of Reason, and

got scores of subscribers for your and other Free-thought papers, attending all the Rationalist meetings I conveniently could and always being an outspoken Rationalist at home and abroad.

I have personally met L. E. Washburn, Editor Macdonald, J. K. Remsburg, Charles Watts, Ingersoll, Putnam and many other leading Rationalists, all of whom seemed to appreciate me much more than you, whom I have not seen.

I was also one of the leading organizers of the American Press-Writers' Association, whose work is largely Rationalistic, I having first started such an organization. So I am by no means "skared of the Christians."

But, while an active, outspoken, aggressive Rationalist, I have also been a farmer, school teacher, traveling salesman, and local business man, and followed them all successfully, and such men might also more likely suggest a successful method of Rationalistic propaganda than one who can only boast of having made a financial failure thereof, after having first been misled so far into superstition as to become a Christian and a preacher, a die I gladly confess I never was "vaccinated" with. So, as you eventually proved unfaithful to your Christian pledges and professions, you are a real almost pure infidel sure enough, but I, who never professed Christianity, but have been strictly faithful to all my promises, pledges and profession, am not infidel in fact, but am an infidel in name.

As two wrongs do not make a right, Macdonald's or Washburn's calling Rationalists "infidels" does not make them such, but may have made the Investigator fall and Truth Seeker beg.

Call things by their right names and choose an attractive one for Rationalism if you would increase its membership.

"Vulgar and pride are both unwise, Vinegar never catches flies."

If we are Rationalists then our opponents are Irrationalists, but if we are infidel (infidel) then they are infidel (infidel) to all pledges, promises, vows and professions.

To falsely acknowledge himself a racial, villain, miscreant or other vile being his enemies call him is not being brave but a fool.

"To get a dog killed, give him a bad name." We have the right and the brains to make and select our own names, and, any one is "skared" of the one Mr. Moore uses, he ought to know enough to adopt one that attracts instead of "skearing," if he wants more converts and subscribers.

But, my above pedigree, which can be easily verified, as thousands above cities know me, shows that, for once at least, friend Moore has mistaken, and I'm not "skared" but he is and dare not print this or my previous article, for fear it will expose his lifelong error.

Sincerely yours, for investigation, logic, truth and progress.

D. WEBSTER GROH, Hagerstown, Md.

TURN BOTH OF THEM DOWN.

Some body sent me a newspaper clipping in which my nephew, president of the Washington Secular League, was alluded to thus: "It was noticed, however, that both of the college Presidents at the table Dr. C. W. Dabney, of U. C. and Dr. Guy Potter Benton, of Miami, turned down their wine glasses. Dr. Dabney's speech was an alliance against the money power in education. He urged that a general foundation should be given every college student, in order that he might not take too narrow a view of life. Therefore he advised that there be a liberal in the scope of the elective system in colleges. "What we need," said he, "is the man in the pulpit, the man in the laboratory, the man everywhere—the man first and the specialist afterward."

Its N. G. to turn down a wine glass unless you are going to turn down "the man in the pulpit" too.

A man may turn down a wine glass at a banquet and turn up a 2-gallon jug when he gets home. I have been a Prohibitionist and a preacher too; I am onto their traps.

"THE GRANGER HAS FAIRLY GOOD INFIDELITY."

I have been sent a copy of the "Granger" of Auburn, Nebraska, dated March 8, 1904. It is Vol. 31, No. 10. Its editor and publisher is J. H. Dundas.

I cannot understand why as sensible and good a man as Brother Dundas is, can publish so good an infidel paper without publishing a better one than it is, except on the supposition that he is afraid to talk out in meetin' and say all he thinks, because

he patrons might not stand his being altogether honest.

What "Trilby" called the "altogether" is "too much for most people—they can't stand the naked truth walking around without any clothes on—not even a fig leaf."

AGIN CUBSIN.

Northview, Mo. Feb. 1, 1905.

Editor Blue Grass Blade:

Please find enclosed \$1 for which mark me up a year.

I hope that all who love free speech free press and free opinions, beliefs, etc., will do all they can to promote the interests and welfare of the Blade—get subscribers and pay for your own subscriptions as promptly as you can.

I hope the editor will keep the columns of the Blade free from all vulgar, obscene language.

Let there be no language that shows any kinship or relationship to the Old Testament.

Some infidels indulge in curse words because the Bible prohibits it. We should not use such words in our conversation or writing, not because it's against the Bible, but because the tough criminal class of society uses them. We should avoid everything that has any tendency to connect it with bad society.

J. S. CANTRELL.

A CONTRAST.

A sensible letter from Cincinnati asks my attention to the Press dispatch that \$1,100,000 has been given lately, by some man whose name is kept secret, to the Union Theological Seminary in New York.

The letter ends thus: "No wonder religion dies hard, while the heresies and fictions for reason and progress can hardly exist, and die by starvation and suicide, as Green and wife of Chicago and poor Mr. Heston of Carthage."

Respectfully,

J. B. HURT

Not Walter—Put \$100,000 into safe hands—some Trust Company, that will pay it out to me in Blades at 50 a year and I will give Christianity off the map of the United States.

FAMOUS FRUIT LANDS

Of the East Texas Country.

Home of the Elberta peach, the strawberry, plum, pear, tomato and other fruits and vegetables. Big money is growing for the northern markets.

On February 7th and 21st, March 7th and 21st, round trip home-seekers' tickets from St. Louis, Toledo, Cairo or Memphis to Texas points at rate of one fare plus \$2 not exceeding \$15.

One way colonist tickets at half fare, plus \$2 on February 21st and March 21st.

Write for booklet on Texas fruit lands, to L. O. SCHAEFER, T. P. A., Cotton Belt Route, Cincinnati, O.

Cincinnati, Ohio—It seems to me the Annual "Message" is one of the best things I ever read.

Why not have it distributed extensively among legislators and other officials? Do not see why this feature was not thought of before Dr. Wilson discovered it. I hope it will be a feature at the beginning of every year. The Doctor certainly deserves much credit for such a splendid message.—T. J. WYSCARVER.

A Good Route to Try

It traverses a territory rich in undeveloped resources; a territory containing unlimited possibilities for agriculture, horticulture, stock raising, mining and manufacturing. And last, but not least, it is

The Scenic Route for Tourists.

The Frisco System now offers the traveling public excellent service and fast-time—

Between St. Louis and Kansas City and points in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas and the Southwest.

Between Kansas City and points in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida and the Southeast. Between Birmingham and Memphis and points in Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas and the West and Southwest.

Full information as to route and rates cheerfully furnished upon application to any representative of the Company, or to

Passenger Traffic Department, Central Station, St. Louis.

here. There are at least 15 families,

WAS JESUS CHRIST

A GOOD MAN?

Comptroller, Pa., Jan. 10.
Editor B. G. Harlow.

I was glad to see your paper in its enlarged form as of old.
Now strictly adopt the cash system one dollar per year in advance, and when such time is up, stop it till the dollar comes.

Those who are not able, or willing to pay their dollar can club together and on your easy card offer, get it for 50 cents a year.

Nobody ought to complain on those terms.

You claim you are very anxious to have your paper do all the good it can.

This depends on the way in which you conduct it.

I beg to offer a few suggestions, being aware that it is your paper to do with as you wish, and that so far as I am concerned, I take no offense at anything you say.

I see some of your correspondents are much pleased to see you resolve to

(Here followed some perfectly fair remarks about Socialism—Editor) I pay my dollar just as cheerfully as that I were one.

You were once a clergyman (No! I was a Campbellite preacher—Ed. Harlow) and I must confess I am surprised at the way you speak of the so-called "Savior of the World."

You and I, by a process of reasoning, have entirely outgrown the belief in myths and creeds. But many other good people have not.

They may be on the road, but, as yet, they cling to the belief of a mother, or father, or perchance, it is an hereditary influence they can hardly explain.

Expressions shock them that, to you or me, seems matters of indifference.

I consider, as you do, that the Jesus of the four gospels, is an irreconcilable absurdity. But, whether he was a myth or a man, millions yet believe that he is the God of heaven and earth.

I imagine you once believed this. It is no doubt, a fact that he was a good man, for this day, a reformer, one desirous of bettering his fellow; and that he has been, by cunning priests and creed-makers, elevated to a higher pedestal than he ever thought of elevating himself to (Ed. Harlow).

Be this as it may, during the ages he has been elevated to a Godship. But the day star of truth is shining now as never before, and these myths and phantasies are not beloved; that the human mind as of yore.

The easy, smooth way is the best way to have people to accept the truth. Do not shock them, do not dramatize the mind. Quid drew parallels between yourself and "J. C." as you write it. Millions of men will yet fall down and worship Him, but they will never worship you. There is a certain respect due to these misguided people; a regard for the feelings of others. If we wish to lead them to our views, and do them good as you, no doubt, sincerely desire to do.

On these lines build up your paper, and its influence will be extended, its readers increase and its domain of usefulness widen with the passing years.

Fraternally,
B. G. MORRISON

That is a good letter and spoken like a man, and I hope I may answer it in the same spirit.

Yes, I claim that I want my paper to do good—not because I am any better than other people or expect to be, but simply that my ambition and desire for fame takes that turn.

I inherited that disposition from my grandfather, Barton W. Stone, a preacher. I want people to write to me in the same candid way that you do.

I was a Campbellite preacher. In my preaching day none of us called ourselves clergymen, or "Reverend" or "Doctor." Now it is common for the preachers of that church to have "Rev." or "Dr." before their names and there is every reason to believe they will soon take on all the high-sounding titles of the preachers of the other sects.

All religious sects have been humble when they were few and poor, and got to be vain and arrogant and conceited when they got to be numerous and rich.

In one sense I once believed that Jesus was God, as far as any one can believe can believe any thing that is perfectly intelligible to him. That is I believed it simply because people in whom I had confidence told me so—never on my own judgment.

You say of Jesus "It is no doubt a fact that he was a good man" etc.

This is the point I want to make most clear with all my power.

We can know nothing about him, except what is given us in the New

Testament—profane history knows nothing of him—and accepting the story of the New Testament about him as being true, I will tell you here why I think he was a bad man, and in your answer for publication in this paper, you tell us why you think he was a good man, as tersely as practicable, and let our readers judge.

To do him, or any other man, dead or living, any injustice would injure me, and naturally I would not want to do that.

My reason then, for thinking Jesus Christ a bad man are as follows:

He never did any work. He advised people to make friends of rich people who had gotten their money unjustly, and to do this for a selfish purpose. He violently assaulted men without a right to do. He used very abusive and insulting language about men who were as good as he was.

He made intoxicating liquor, drank it himself and told others to drink it. He did not care for the solicitude of his parents about him.

He was disrespectful to his mother. He never made any sacrifice of his own comfort for the good of others.

He took the property of other people without asking their permission.

He invited himself to dine with a rich banker.

He said that people ought to hate each other.

He said he did not come to bring peace on earth but a sword.

He said his followers must propagate his religion by the sword. He claimed that he was the son of God.

He claimed that he was the right heir to the throne of Judea and encouraged people to try to make him King of that country.

He professed to work miracles, and claimed that he would rise from the dead and ascend to heaven and come back to earth again during the lives of some of the persons to whom he talked.

You say I ought not to speak irreverently of him because many people believe he is a God, and are offended by my language.

If that principle is true must we also speak irreverently of Buddha, Zoroaster, Sachia Amonai, Plato, Mohammed, Joe Smith, Mrs. Eddie and Dowrie?

I doubt the advisability of "the easy smooth way." I went to the Indian Territory to debate with a Campbellite preacher named Wilkinson. I was easy, smooth, kind, gentle, gentlemanly with him, having determined in advance, that if I did do nothing else I would be gentle and courteous with him.

He showed his appreciation of what I had done by printing perfectly unreasonable lies about the debate and about me, and said that I had been gentlemanly only because he was kind to make me so.

If some intelligent and honest courageous man had come to me when I was preaching and had told me that I was making a fool and an ass of myself, in just those words, he would have done me a kindness and would have done a good deed, and I would thank him for it now.

The whole Christian world until the days of Galileo, believed from the reading of the Bible, that the earth was flat, and it was a great offense to them, and ridiculing their religion, to tell them that the world was round. Ought Galileo to have told them that it was round?

In the churches in Lexington, Protestant and Catholic, there are, priests and deacons, and on the walls, the letters I. H. S.

These are Latin initials. The English J, and the Latin I, are the same letter. Those three letters are, therefore, J. H. S. and that is for Jesus H. Christ. Is it any worse in me, to put the initials "J. C." that stand for Jesus Christ, than it is for them to put the letters that stand for Jesus H. Christ?

While I do not think there is any thing criminal in drawing a parallel between Jesus, or any other man, and myself, I thought that my readers appreciated that there was some joke in the parallelism that I make between him and me. But when it comes down to hard pan facts, though, I am no saint, and don't want to be, I am as good a man as Jesus was, to draw it mildly, and for my religious opinions, I have suffered far more than he ever did.

Any man or woman who will fall down or any God is a fool, or a knave, and any man or any woman who wants any body else to fall down and worship him, or her, is a fool or a knave.

Jesus Christ allowed a woman to wash his feet with her tears, and wipe them with the hair of her head. No gentleman would have allowed anybody, but especially a woman, to do such a degrading thing.

All sensible people are disgusted with the Pope because he allows people to kiss his toe, and is disgusted

with the fools that kiss his toe, too, and especially since the old devil has got the gout.

If it ever gets so that in order to keep this paper going, I will have to pander to such liars and hypocrites, I will quit slinking like for the blade and put in my whole time in working on the farm.

BROTHER BROH ON HIS SPECIALTY.

Hagerstown, Md., Jan. 10, 05.
Gentlemen—Inclosed herewith is U. S. Express money order for \$4.50 of which one dollar pays for delinquency of Robert Taylor, Hagerstown, Md., on Blade. One dollar is for J. B. Wilson book to be sent me when finished. The other \$2.50 is for 5 club subscribers to Blade to be placed to my credit on your book so I can order therefrom. Send me no postals as I'll write the cards myself. I want them as it is harder to get this way than to always wait until I'm where the cards are, and then hunt them up besides, while with a common card I can send you an order on postal immediately when said order is given.

Now please use one each of these yearly club subscribers to extend for one year, my sister's subscription, Laura E. Groh, Breathedown, Md., and my brothers' J. C. F. Groh, 110 South Broad street, Waynesboro, Pa. Both of these subscriptions expired several months ago, I think, since which, they only received a copy occasionally. You make their date as you think best under the circumstances.

This leaves me three subscriptions to order on later, which please put just to my credit on your books and oblige—D. WEBSTER GROH.

P. S.—If you publish inclosed M. S. on Rationalism vs. Infidelity, and once give the subject a full hearing, I will not ask you to publish anything for me for a whole year at least. Many others think as I do on the question, having written me so, and many would take the same paper labeled "Rationalism" if they would not when labeled "Infidelity," as they dislike to have their neighbors call them "Infidels," but don't object to being called Rationalists.

RATIONALISM VS. INFIDELITY. Friends Moore and Hughes:

What's in a name? "Call me a had 'un, an' I'll soon show 'ee," threateningly said Pat. Likens, a humorist spun out and a-for themselves and friends, hee-hee, it is to select the false, inadequate and c-probations name they aptly apply to us, instead of meekly, subserviently and ignorantly accepting it, as if we were actually too weak-minded to select or formulate a counter, expressive name for ourselves.

We interpret word-meaning, not only their root or origin and synonyms, but, conversely, also by their antonyms.

Rational means "endowed with reason." Rationalism, guided by reason, and Rationalism, "a system of opinions deduced from reason, as distinct from inspiration or opposed to it."—NOAH WEBSTER.

These words exactly describe us, and our principles, while their antonyms, "irrational," "irrationalism" and "irrationalism" exactly describe our opponents and their principles. Then why not use them, especially as there are really no other words so exactly describing both parties and their diametrically opposing principles.

Fidelity means faithfulness and its antonyms, "infidelity" naturally means unfaithfulness (to any vow, pledge, promise or profession) as when divorce is granted for material unfaithfulness or "infidelity." Professed "Christians," who neither turn "the ungiven check," "love their enemies," "do their all to the poor," nor obey other indisputable commands of the Christ they falsely and hypocritically profess to follow, are, indeed, unfaithful, i. e., "infidels" to their professions, and are therefore real "infidels," and richly deserve to be called, as, indeed, they all should be.

Hence, Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, Mormons and other religiousists rightly call each other "infidels," but not rightly so the Rationalist, who makes no such false professions, but, with perfect truth, faithfulness and "infidelity" to all his pledges, promises and professions, is certainly the very farthest from being unfaithful or "infidel."

Besides, "infidel," thus meaning

Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, etc., and "infidelity," martial unfaithfulness, both these words are entirely too broad, abstruse and repulsive for such concise, careful thinkers and writers, as "Intelligent Rationalists" ought to be, to indiscriminately apply to themselves and their friends.

Concise thought necessitates concise words, through which to think and convey thought. Rational, Rationalist and Rationalism are not only concise, complimentary and attractive (while "infidel" and "infidelity" are not), but their antonyms exactly fit our opponents, while the antonyms of "infidel" do not.

A correct, expressive, attractive name, is the first requisite of any successful principle, cause or propaganda. A cause, whose advocates lack sufficient wisdom even to adopt a concise, appropriate, attractive name for it and themselves, but must actually accept the false, scurrilous, approbrious name that its most bitter opponents spitefully hurl at it to defame it, hardly deserves to attract support and succeed.

Let us begin right, with a correct name, and then make for opponents never call us Rationalists, but delight only in falsely calling us "infidels." Let us indignantly hurl back this misnomer and force its makers, whom it exactly fits, to wear it.

Sincerely yours for accuracy in our common name at a solid foundation starting point for abundant future success.—D. WEBSTER GROH.

There is only one other weekly infidel newspaper in America besides the Blade, and that is "The Truth Seeker" of New York City.

If you will look on page 21 of the January 14th issue of that paper, middle column, near the bottom, under editorial "The mendacity of preaching," you will find that the editor of that paper calls Ingelsoll an "infidel," and prints it with a big I, just as I do.

Write to him and give him the very devil about it. But that is neither here nor there.

Every time you write to the Blade and enclose \$4.50 for any thing you "durn please," you can have as much space in this paper as is occupied by this communication and you can have all the space you want in each issue, at the same rate, if it takes the whole paper. But I must require you shall not say "dom," as there are readers of the Blade who cannot bear profanity, and they write me that many more will take it if I do not allow any profanity in the paper, and so, I must require that you never say any profanity in this paper. So just turn yourself loose \$4.50 sweet Williams, but never say "dom," or any other profane language. I have been a preacher and it jars me.

A WOMAN WRITES.

Quinlan, Okla. Jan. 18, 05.

I feel, in looking back over the several years that we have taken the Blade, and the enjoyment we have gotten from it, that it is only fitting that a word of encouragement should be given its just and worthy editors to continue to them both! But it is especially of Bro. Moore, that I would speak. Already he feels the weight of years, and to say he has "fought the good fight" is putting it very mildly. I cannot but feel sorrowful at some of the letters that, from time to time appear in the Blade, as some of them contain censure, and others, words of open dislike.

This is not just—it is not right, nor fair. He is an old man; he has done his best, and spent his life striving make the B. G. B. a power for good, and I think there are but few writers that are as honestly, truthfully good as he is.

Instead of censure let us all write and tell how much good the advice seen in the pages of the good old B. G. B. has done us—how many hearty laughs we have had over Brother Moore's sparkling wit.

My "good man" always watches most of any paper we take, and we take many. I see by one of the late Blades that Brother Moore is anxious that all shall be happy, and speaks of his not being as happy, himself, as he would wish to be.

Oh! my friend, I think that is something that will never be—to be perfectly happy.

I am surrounded by my children. The eldest two are married and gone from home. The grand children cluster thick around me, and I am happy, but cares will creep in and difficulties perplex it. It is the law of nature. Man is a creature of change, and what pleases us today, tomorrow will lose its charm, and as we did we begin to look back and derive pleasure more from what we have done than from what we expect to do.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

EXCURSION TICKETS NOW ON SALE AT REDUCED RATES TO
**NEW ORLEANS, LA., HAVANA, CUBA,
HOT SPRINGS, ARK.,
CITY OF MEXICO, CALIFORNIA,**
AND MANY OTHER POINTS WITH LIBERAL STOP OVERTS AND RETURN LIMITS.

Only line running through personally conducted sleepers, Louisville to Texas, Arizona and California.

Reduced one-way Colonist and home seekers' excursion rates to points South and West, first and third Tuesdays in each month.

FARMING IN THE SOUTH.

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company is issuing monthly circulars concerning fruit growing, vegetable gardening, stock raising, dairying, etc., in the States of Kentucky, West Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. Every Farmer, or Homeseeker, who will for ward his name and address to the undersigned, will be mailed free. Circulars Nos. 1 to 11 inclusive, and others that are published from month to month.

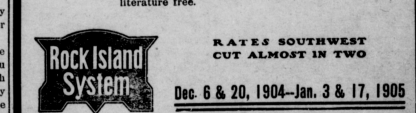
Call on or address nearest railroad Agent, or address.

F. W. HARLOW
DIVISION PASSENGER AGENT, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

GO SOUTHWEST

Like Time and Tide, the Great Southwest awaits no man; but it's a heap easier to get aboard at the instant of starting than to contend with the element of momentary later.

Let us give you the details of this new country's rapid growth, and your chance to grow up with it. Illustrated literature free.



GEORGE H. LEE, G. P. A. Little Rock, Ark.
H. I. McGUIRE, D. P. C. A. Cincinnati, Ohio.
JOHN SEBASTIAN, Pass. Trsf. Mgr., Chicago, Ill.

"Men are but children of a larger growth," and how true. Do not be despondent brother. The Bible says "Many women have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

It is not given to many to accomplish what you have done, and that, too, in the face of great odds. Thy most loved child, the Blade, lives and thrives among its readers. Thou hast many friends that are tried and true, and many that you "wot not of." Thy name is honored in many a household. As we descend life's shadowy slope we know more the warm hand clasp, and the arm of love upon which to lean. The young generation are careless and they heed not the fading step.

If each one of us who loves and respects Brother Moore, would only send one little token—just a line!

Remember, dear friends, let us bring flowers while the dear ones can enjoy their perfume, for,

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these it might have been.

And remember too, dear friends, that it is hard to labor on and on without encouragement.

As England had her "Grand old man," Gladstone, so we Liberals have in our country, Charles C. Moore; the Liberal, and we should justly appreciate the honor done us, and our cause.

So now three cheers for Brother Moore!!

And now a word to you Brother Hughes.

"Money talks," and you will find \$1.00 for another year's subscription and that's one for you; and so the good word goes on.—MRS. ISABEL MATTESON.

"STUFFED CLUB" MAN DOES THE ELEGANT THING

Denver, Colo., Jan. 24, 05.

Dear sir and friend—The "Blue Grass Blade" came to hand with your comments on "Stuffed Club." I thank you very much, would like to shake hands with you. I do not forget, however, that I owe a great deal to Mrs. Moore for touching the fire to the fuse of your dynamite bomb.

I send in this mail the bound fourth volume of a "Stuffed Club" for Mrs. Moore with my compliments.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE

TO REV. WILKERSON
I owe Rev. Ulysses Grant Wilkerson an apology. A part only of the truth told about a man is, sometimes nearly as bad as a straight out lie.

I said he is a preacher and a lawyer, a combination of two of the greatest liars on earth.

I should have said he is a preacher, lawyer and an editor of a religious paper, a combination of three of the biggest liars on earth.

There is nothing about me but, if I say anything about a man that is not true I am mighty apt to correct it when I think of it.